

**DRAFT TRANSCRIPT**

**TITLE:** MS-13 Vacilando en Boston [Hanging out in Boston]

**RECORDING TYPE:** YouTube Audio/Video Recording

**DATE:** Published April 24, 2017

\*\*\*\*\*

“La Mara Salvatrucha, the gang known as MS 13, has become the fastest- growing and most violent gang in the world.”

This boy.

This is area 13, do you get me, immediately, son of a bitch, haha.  
Watch out, boy, if you are street, well, show it!  
Walking through Chelsea, looking for those girls,  
45 at my waist in case a chavala shows his face;  
Smoking marihuana so they feel the aroma,  
Your dude from the Mara is invading their zone.  
Lazy boys mention me, I walk through their streets  
And no one reacts. Walking on Broadway, acting  
Tough, not a single culero shows his face.  
They sense the smell of the Beast, the presence  
Of the claw, that's what hurts them. I flash the  
Claws at them, and right away, those girls pee themselves;  
They feel the devil speaking to them when I honk my horn.  
I don't know who you are, but yes, my evil mind  
Is criminal and clandestine. Crazy girls drive me wild,  
And I don't, man, but the heat of my lead cooks you.  
I am the one that brought terror here, where you walk.  
The danger of death blends with me, I go with my [*vista china*],  
My mind, crazy wild, becoming murderous.  
Step aside, lazy boys, because the Beast is close.  
I come from El Salvador, shooting fire at the corner.  
It's a crazy girl that shows her face, luck runs out, man.  
This is my routine.  
My life is very criminal, I don't know if you hit on that.  
Press 1 and 3 and you will have company, like fire on gasoline.  
Without any bullshit, dudes, I beat you to the summit.  
I cook this shit like a chef in the kitchen.  
My school is the street, and that's why it's so evil.  
I don't like to think about my past, because I  
Still bear its thorns, but I don't give a fuck if I lose

My life beating down culeros.  
 Life isn't eternal, but to live wild and full of adrenaline,  
 That's the way, man. I even get goose-bumps.  
 Those goddam cops want to put me in Bartolina  
 Because I knock down the culeros for flashing their chicken sign;  
 I flash the claw at them, and they get scared when the metal gnashes.  
 I send you to your death, if you're talking. This is the law of my doctrine.  
 I became of the street because when I was little, my self-esteem was  
 Ridiculed, but those that did it are six feet under now.  
 Without fear about what may happen day to day,  
 I sharpen my machete with a file  
 In case some guy shows up with a filthy [*plantilla*].  
 With the thorns of my letters, I will make your hair stand up.  
 The lazy boys sent the cops to get me for a hit on a culero.  
 The goddam cops took my machete;  
 They made me feel as bitter as quinine water.  
 I didn't attack them because they were cops,, but I don't give a fuck.  
 They allowed me to leave to Chanti [PH] and I immediately fled.  
 [*Me timaron a pederá*]  
 Go with DUENDE, and since he is a minor,  
 They put him in the frigging doghouse;  
 But with a small bail, the doggie is out,  
 And we continue to go wild in this madness.  
 Fucking girls, be careful, because the Beast is out.  
 The street taught me not to be afraid of anything,  
 To do hits right away, to feel the awesomeness.  
 To leave culeros dead so they can't breathe at all,  
 And smoke marihuana, like it's nothing.  
 To leave those girls buried,  
 Like plucked chickens, leaving no evidence.  
 The first time, it is scary.  
 The second time, your conscience gets used to  
 Striking someone's face with the machete, saying  
 "Fucking girl, MS visited you today!"  
 Don't pretend you don't know the keys of the letters  
 Because you flash the 1 and the 8,  
 The Mara dudes found you, diced you in 18.  
 They who flash the devil's claw put you in a hole.  
 Lazy boys, I slit your throat, ah!  
 This was the Mara Salvatrucha.  
 That boy.